

Famous American Ideas

THAT it is absolutely impossible to sleep in an old-fashioned hammock.

That a grand opera prima donna is always in a bad state of temper.

That no man in the world likes to lead a ten-ounce dog through the park.

That a preacher always takes a drink of water when he forgets his lines.

That somebody has to sit in a blueberry pie to make a happy picnic.

That members of an athletic club spend a lot of time exercising daily.

That it is very unlucky to count the carriages in a funeral procession.

That a gown is worth more if it has a Paris label sewed on it somewhere.

That a lazy man always works very fast and prodigiously when started.

That all French restaurants in the city of New York are owned by Frenchmen.

That no man ever gave a lady a seat in a street car because he wanted to.

That the front door of every apartment must be opposite the kitchen.

That any author who gets one story published is fixed for life.

That no sort of crime or accident ever startles a newspaper reporter.

That the most valuable paintings are the ones that look like nothing.

That women who work in beauty parlors must necessarily be very beautiful.

That manicures always make an effort to vamp their good-looking customers.

That a captain of industry must always smoke a long, black, thick cigar.

That the hero must always whip the villain or the show is badly written.

That anybody who tries to make a living in a city meets awful obstacles.

That there are ten failures to every success in a town the size of New York.

That every alderman in the country tries to have a street named after himself.

That there is not a railroad conductor whose trousers are not baggy.

That brakemen purposely announce stations so nobody can understand them.

That the bass viol player in every orchestra has a hard job staying awake.

That it is always best to inspect huckleberry pie closely in a restaurant.

That all cafe meat scraps come back next day in the form of hash.

That landlords have dropped their czaristic tendencies, fearing the law.

His Sacrifice.

A NEW YORKER, after many years as a happy bachelor, found himself at last hooked and booked for matrimony.

Early on his wedding day a friend met him carrying a wreath tied up with mourning ribbons.

"Good heavens, man," said the friend, "I thought this was your wedding day!"

"So it is," was the grim reply.

"Then what on earth are you doing with that?"

"Oh, it's all right," explained the bridegroom-elect. "I'm just going to lay it on the Statue of Liberty!"

Choose Your News

THEY tell us Congress has adjourned. The members have gone home.

To build election fences and 'mid doubtful districts roam.

They need a rest, as statesmen do

And they are giving us one, too.

The "noiseless Fourth" has come and gone and it was safe and sane.

It was not like the olden days of dynamite and pain.

The citizen was meek and mild

As mamma's little angel child.

The immigration quota for the Greeks is filled this year.

The only nationality to reach the limit here.

The restaurants and shoe-shine stands

Need never advertise for hands.

The people, in the primaries, are speaking out with vim.

When any statesman doesn't please, they tie a can to him.

A Senator, though once a czar,

Is lucky if he rates at par.

King George goes to the races with his pants creased at the side.

He's trying to create a style in dress, but woe betide!

None but a king, we'll tell you flat,

Could wear his trousers creased like that.

A barber in the west got up a no-tip barber shop.

He finds his barbers shop about a week and then they flop.

There's no joy in an egg shampoo

Without a quarter when it's through.

The Hotel Claridge will be changed into a business place,

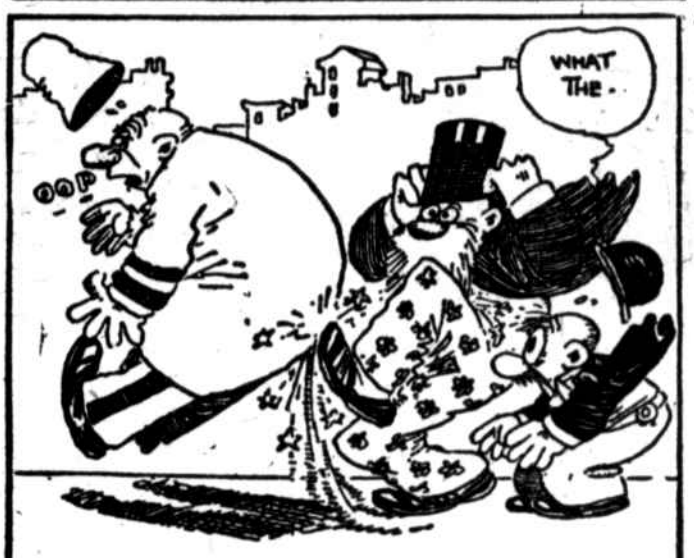
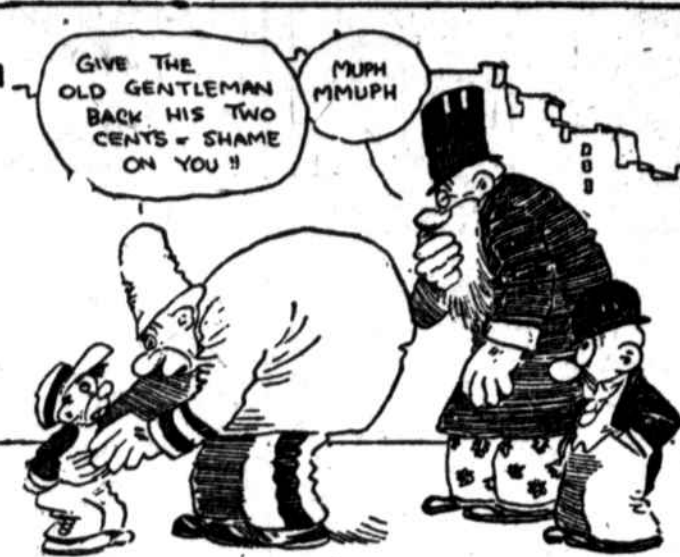
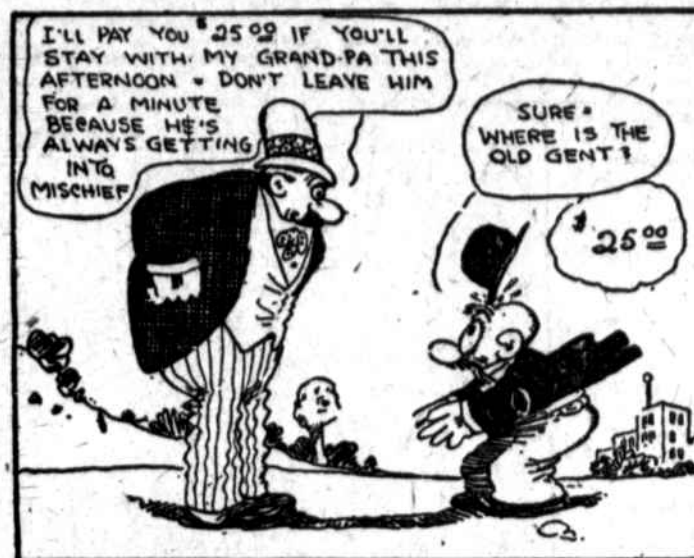
Another victim Prohibition has slapped in the face.

Broadway has changed a lot, we vow,

You wouldn't know the old place now.

Barney Google

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Quincy Todd on Censorship

"I SEE by the papers," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "that the censors are busy censoring the bathing suits this year and it looks very tough, indeed, for the beach flappers."

"Certainly they are censoring the bathing suits," says Quincy Todd. "How would the censors hold their jobs if they never censored anything? Did you ever stop to let that sock into your reinforced concrete dome? A censor with nothing to censor is as bad as a bartender who has been Volsteaded. What would the reformers do with nothing to reform? The chances are they would have to go to work."

"But I don't understand why they want to censor the bathing suits," says Elias Q. Higginbotham.

"Did you ever have a chance to take a good look at a bevy of censors?" asks Quincy.

"I have never had that pleasure," says Elias Q. Higginbotham.

"If you ever had," says Quincy, "you would understand the whole situation. You don't see any frisky and beautiful young thing who thinks she would look good in a bathing suit acting as censor of bathing suits, do you? Do you see any pipe smokers censoring tobacco? Do you see any movie fans censoring the movies?"

"Well, it strikes me they might be more than half right about

them bathing suits," says Elias Q. Higginbotham. "I think they might be a little more goods in 'em."

"That's a matter of taste," says Quincy. "Personally, I have no squawk whatever about these bathing suits so long as no wife or sister of mine gets into one of them. But, even if you don't like them, what is the use of censoring them?"

"I believe they begin censoring these bathing suits back in 1876, the year the Centennial was held in Philadelphia. In those days a bathing suit is about as modest as a Salvation Army uniform. You cannot tell at that time whether a lady moves around on legs or on castors, but somebody gets the idea that these suits are a bit too scant and they are censored. There doesn't happen to be anything else to censor at that time. The result is that the next year the bathing suits are about one inch shorter than before they are censored. They have been censored every year since, and you can see for yourself what they have come to. Last year they are censored quite violent by all the censors from Savannah, Georgia, to Labrador, and the result is that the skirts, if any, are six inches shorter than last year and in most cases they are left out entirely. This year the bathing suits have been censored about to the extreme minimum.

"If these suits are censored about once more, the bathing beaches will be for ladies only, and the only men allowed will be the censors."

"If they are censored about once more, the ladies will have to stay in the water, and that will spoil the bathing season entirely."

"There is always some little hesitancy in the Spring among the fair sex, as they don't know just how to have their bathing suits made. They have to wait for the returns from Atlantic City. They don't know whether to add more material or take off more. Then the word comes from Atlantic City that bathing suits will be very carefully regulated. Then the wimmen all yell: 'Come on, girls, we have been censored. Make the suits scantier than last year.'"

"But I don't see why a censorship always backfires like that," says Elias Q. Higginbotham.

"The answer is because almost every American citizen, including the women as well as the men, has an idea in the back of his head that this is a free country. Of course, they are mistaken, but

this was an idea that they had pounded into them in school and it is a hard one to live down. The only American citizens who do not believe this a free country are the censors and reformers. If they ever admitted this is a free country their occupation would be gone."

"If the average woman could plan her bathing suit to please herself it is more than probable that she would get up a nifty looking thing that would not shock anybody, because she is not naturally immodest. But as soon as some dismal looking Puritan brother comes along and tells her she has got to do so-and-so, she will go as far as running down to the beach in a fig leaf just to prove to him that he has nothing to say about it. The censors don't know how to handle women."

"There is a little bit of the spirit of freedom lurking yet in the average head. When the sour-doughs try to take this away, people immediately get too free. It is very dangerous to stir up the animals. It is a good plan to let freedom enough alone. The man who tries to take it away entirely defeats his own purpose by about 875 per cent."

"As I said before," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "I figure that the girls might use a little more goods in these here bathing suits, but at that, they do not shock me so very much. In fact, I do not pay much attention to them."

"And neither does any other level-headed regular feller," says Quincy. "It must be a queer sort of a guy who gets shocked at any such thing. I have not seen any regular guy turn around to look at any short skirt in a good many years."

"No," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "they do not look at the skirt."

"At any rate," says Quincy, "any bird who gets all fussed up about the way the women dress has got something the matter with his head. If nobody what-ever paid any attention to them, women's dress would get back

to normal in six weeks of its own accord."

"To suit some people the proper bathing suit for a young lady would consist of the following: A rubber diving suit, sun-bonnet, set of furs, red-flannel underwear, woolen stockings, bathrobe reaching to the ground, felt boots that reach to the hip and on top of all this a portable vapor bath cabinet."

"You say," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "that these here censors do not handle the women right. Now, I have been around for quite a spell of years and I have not yet happened to bump against any bird of the male sex who could handle the feminine worth a darn. I heard a lot of wise-crackers downtown say they can do this trick, but I fail to see them make any such crack around home. I have seen many a brave guy down in the drug store who eats fire and bites nails in two and can bend a horseshoe straight with his bare hands, but around home he is a regular house pet. I suppose now, with your vast experience and your store of information on all subjects, coupled with your natural grace and diplomacy, you have discovered a way to handle women. If you have, it is your duty to your sex to spill same and give others the information which they have been needing for several thousand years. I don't suppose there is another man in the world who knows this secret but yourself."

"You are wrong," says Quincy. "There are plenty of them that know it, and those that don't know it are most generally dumbbells. But the great secret about the thing is not so much knowing how to do it as keeping your mouth shut about it. I never yet knew a great guy that kept his pan open all the time. The man who knows how to handle women never brags about it, because as soon as he begins letting on a lot about it, his power vanishes."

"If you ever tell your wife that you can handle women, she

is one woman that you will never handle again."

"The best thing to do with your wife or your sweetheart or any other woman which you wish to manage or direct or personally conduct, is to make her think you are a natural-born idiot on the subject of women. Let her think she is a mystery you cannot solve. They eat that stuff up. When they think that your opinion on matters concerning wimmen is all wrong, you have got the problem solved. The reformers could make a lot of hay if they were only jake to this trick."

"Sure," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "and it is just about as clear to me as a glass of home-brew."

"Well, frinstance," says Quincy. "You didn't know how to handle your wife even when you went to pick out your own straw hat, did you? And you did not get the hat you wanted, did you?"

"I did not," said Elias Q. Higginbotham. "I got the hat she wanted me to get. I pointed out the one I wanted, but it didn't do any good. She told me I looked like a puddle-jumper in it."

"That's where you made your mistake. Why did you pull a bone like pointing out the one you wanted?"

"What else should a sane man ought to do?"

"Point out the one she wanted you to have and say you want that one."

"Then I would land right where I did, with the hat I didn't want."

"Not on your life. She will make you take the other one for two reasons, one being that she figures you have got rotten taste, anyhow, and the other being that she wants to have her own way about it and does not intend to be handled by you."

"It sounds foolish, but it may be correct. However," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "it does not explain how you would handle the bathing suit question if you was a censor. How would you put on more clothes for bathing purposes?"

"Simple enough," says Quincy Todd. "I would tell them they had too much on and to wear less. The next day there would be sixteen inches added to every skirt and they would all be wearing fur coats for hoods. They would figure that they were putting one over on the censor."

"That ain't logical," says Elias Q. Higginbotham.

"Of course it ain't," says Quincy, "but, it's women."

By Billy DeBeck

Slogans and How They Are Slogged

(By R. K. M.)

NOBODY knows how slogans won the war, but everybody knows they won it. So there is no argument on that point.

We are talking of an actuality, a concrete fact, not of an experiment or a theory unsweetened by the purifying acid of achievement.

The slogan to-day is the big thing in any business, any political or scientific adventure or any activity which must enlist the attention of our boodilious and strap-hanging population, for it is the man who hangs to a strap who, in the last analysis, assists our great artistic or commercial enterprises to success; success, of course, in every event, meaning the boodle.

Nowadays, when it is decided to start a cleaning powder factory, a mopless dust plant or a bedbug exterminator laboratory, the first thing to do is to select a slogan. That is the hardest part of the trick.

It is customary to look over the list of slogans already in use and see if one of these cannot be imitated closely enough to dodge the copyright law and still snitch some of the trade. If this is not possible it is necessary to invent a new slogan—something snappy, a projectile with sufficient dash and verve to penetrate the solid-reinforced concrete dome in the country and explode therein, thus awakening the patient to his need of Dr. Dingwhizzle's Kidney Pellets or the Patent Non-Refillable Mouse-Trap.

Walking a mile for a cigarette is nothing when compared to the distance some people will walk for other slogans.

Even, and we hesitate to say it, they are using slogans in religion. Perhaps you couldn't call it real religion. It is the synthetic religion, the bootleg kind, that is shouted by evangelists in mildewed slang.

Reprehensible and futile though it is, fence-board advertising seems to be coming back. The religionists are using it rather extensively for the presentation of cheer-up slogans.

On a tree near a very dangerous curve on a popular Long Island automobile road recently one of the slip-horn and holy-jazz brothers posted this sign:

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

The next day, perhaps quite by chance, the highway commissioner came along and posted another sign, reading:

"DETOUR."

The automobile driver is thus given a choice of slogans.

"HOW WILL YOU PREPARE YOUR SOUL?" screeches one of these fence-board slogans. On the board underneath is neatly printed:

"TAKE THE NIGHT BOAT TO ALBANY."

All of which is, of course, extremely inconsequential and in fact rather pitiful hot-weather piffle, but it shows the trend of the times and how the slogans have so filled our waking moments that they are quarreling with one another for precedence.

We have thus far taken the slogan situation philosophically. Slogans will never hurt you as long as you don't take them seriously. Like hooch, they are harmful only when swallowed.

But we are forced to take them seriously now for the reason that they are butting into national politics.

There was a terrific battle fought in this country in 1916 between One-Track Wilson, of Princeton, and Chuck Hughes, of New York. A slogan won this battle for the Pride of Princeton. He had a slogan and his opponent had not. It was truly a wonderful slogan, insidious and everything—sugar-coated, soothing and satisfying.

Perhaps there lingers in one of your non-active brain cells a faint impression of this slogan. It was mild, but it satisfied. It ran something like this and played wonderfully well on any grand piano, phonograph or backwoods parlor organ:

"He kept us out of war."

Ah, there was a slogan. It didn't say: "He will keep us out of war." No, it was far too clever for that. It was the quintessence of truth in advertising.

It was a bitter bout. The New York boy fought every inch of the ground and won all the pive-

tal wallops except California's. It was then that the added weight of a good slogan behind his opponent's punch laid him low. Now, if Charlie had been blessed with a good, peppy, soul-satisfying slogan such as "Whiskers Will Win the War," he would be in the White House to-day instead of being an inmate of the moss-covered barracks across the street, chatting with colored diplo-mats and glowering at Laddie Boy.

Which, as our dear friend Brander Matthews might say, brings us down to the nut of the thing. We are now treading the tortuous paths of present-day politics which are ambiguous in their manifestations, bewildering in their Pecksniffian pleasanties, and pollywoppy in their pyrotechnic piffle.

A new and tremendous force has lately been injected into the political situation, to describe which, we must detour slightly into the realm of social customs and neighborhood economics.

In the old days, when we were more or less primitive in this country and there was not a phonograph in every home and a movie house on every corner to spread the soothing balm of culture over a sweating populace, it was the custom, when the neighborhood lost its taste for any particular neighbor, to ride said neighbor to the city limits on a rail or send him an urgent note calculated to persuade him to furnish his own means of transportation before the posse got to his home.

In those days walking was truly a pleasure, and, in some instances, the party alluded to doubled this pleasure by running.

In these days, of course, we are more cultivated or more highly fertilized, or something, and we have abandoned this crude style of elimination.

When we neighbors grow weary of the sanctimonious sophistries of some neighbor who is a mental puddle-jumper and a perennial pest we adopt the naïveté of the European countries. We indulge in delicious diplomacy. We do nothing rough like resorting to the hencoop and the tar barrel. We simply get together and perhaps send this party to the United States Senate, where he can do no possible harm, where he can bore nobody but his fellow members and where, in all likelihood, he will never be heard of again.

Of course, more troublesome and wearying cases demand stronger treatment, as at present.

The neighbors of Uncle Henry Ford, out in Dearborn, Mich., got together and started the Ford boom for President. They were really in earnest about it, and so far as we know, nobody cracked a smile when the resolutions were passed. They are a grim, determined people, who will land poor old Henry in Washington for four years if it is humanly possible, with hopes of eight.

The first step toward a successful fruition of this devilishly clever scheme, of course, was the selection of a slogan. It had to be something snappy, of course, yet not frivolous. It must reflect the character and attainment and public service record of the man himself. So, after much deliberation, what we consider the greatest slogan ever adopted for a campaign for any man, living or dead, male or female, was suggested. It was:

"Honk for Hank."

Do you get the soothing sound of that slogan? Why, it has everything. It is highly sophisticated, is brimful of psychological significance, and yet it does not go over the heads of the multitude. It is even simple enough to appeal to the understanding of the average Ford owner.

Not only will it encourage those who are driving this campaign, but it will spread terror to the hearts of those who get in the way, either through premeditation or by accident.

With this slogan, "Honk for Hank," we believe the ultimate in slogans has been reached. A growing science has reached its pinnacle, or, perhaps, we should say, peanutacle. It is short, easy to remember—and it is understood perfectly by one and all.

Some People Believe That—

EVERY person in Boston eats baked beans every Sunday morning without fail.

A man and wife who live together long enough grow to look alike.

Every successful actress is successful because she has a pull with the manager.

Every man has a chapter in his life which he doesn't want made public.

A man who wears a ready-tied necktie with a rubber loop is necessarily a hick.